

# The Carrier Dove.

"BEHOLD! I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY!"

VOLUME V.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH 17, 1888.

NUMBER II.

## The Platform.

### BLIGHTED EDENS.

A Lecture Delivered by Dr. W. W. McKaig,  
at Washington Hall, San Francisco,  
February 26th, 1888.

The old notion of a literal Eden and the fall of the first man from a state of perfect happiness, is now quite generally exploded. Our scientists all agree in telling us that the first man was a very low, coarse, brutal creature, whose home was a hollow log, a dark cave or a hole in the ground, and instead of walking through a tropical garden, eating fine grapes and pippins, his food was wild nuts and berries, bugs and worms, and that it was a long time before he knew enough to wash his face, comb his hair, or cook his food. Of course such a creature could not fall, for he was about as low down as it was possible to be: but there came a time when he began to grow and develop; his course has been onward and upward ever since, until it has reached the height of our present civilization.

As science has torn to pieces this hoary old tradition that has for ages been the foundation of theology, many biblical scholars, and especially those who have a liking for the eastern lore, have come to the conclusion that if the story of Eden and the fall of man has any significance worth preserving, it is that of an allegorical picture of human life. That it may be regarded as the microscopic photograph of the past history of the human family, starting from the old Euphrates, or wherever else the origin of man may have been, and coming along by all ways and languages, with its joys and miseries, love and shame, from Pharaoh pursuing the Hebrews across the Red Sea down to the last wedding or flurry in a police court. In a more special and practical sense it may be used as the fanciful adoration of the many lovely Edens that have been blighted because the tempter entered. We have all seen the drama of Paradise Lost performed. We have all seen men and women happy one day in their little garden, and driven out the next to wander among the thorns and humbles of the wilderness, the flaming swords of remorse and bitter memory

guarding the way to the Eden they had lost

The thought suggested by this ancient allegory, that I wish specially to emphasize, is the fact that life corporate or individual is a part of the universe fenced in with definite metes and boundaries. Carefully to observe these limits will bring peace and happiness, but to stray into the forbidden fields beyond is sure to end in pain, unrest and sorrow. This is a universal law. Each plant and animal, for instance, has its natural habitat, its special locality, beyond which it cannot safely wander. The flora of the tropics cannot grow within the polar circle, nor the walrus live in southern seas. Morally speaking, man is no exception to this rule. His soul is conditioned by certain laws, and its growth, development and happiness depend upon keeping within those God-appointed limits. Nature keeps a vigilant police along her borders. Her laws must be obeyed or they will cut and burn, crush and kill. They cannot be tampered with, they are no respecters of persons. The earthquake will kick a sinful republic into atoms as quickly as a despotism, and the lightning hit the head of a saint as indifferently as that of a sinner if one gets in the way.

Let us take one illustration of this law of restriction upon a large scale. There came a time when the course of events made it necessary for our fathers to survey and enclose a part of this continent as a national domain. "Our fathers," said President Lincoln in his address at Gettysburg, "brought forth upon this continent a new nation; conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." That was the highest political ideal of the age, the brightest flower of civilization. But hard by the beautiful tree of liberty grew the foul upas tree of slavery. Some said that it was a miserable, sickly shrub that would soon die out if left alone. But most of the great party leaders, statesmen, journalists and doctors of divinity declared that the fruit of this tree was pleasant to the eye, and greatly desired to make the nation wise, prosperous and happy. They were wise men who built the temple of our liberty, but with all their wisdom they overlooked the fact that there is law older than the Constitution, stronger than the will of Congress or the pandects of the courts, a law epitaphed upon the gravestones of dead empires that says that "righteousness exalt-

eth a nation, but sin is a disgrace to any people.' The tree of liberty and the tree of slavery could not both grow and thrive in the same garden. There is no neutral territory on the border line between right and wrong; no white flag is allowed to pass between a truth and falsehood. In a few swift years there were strange ominous sounds in the air, there were eddies and gusts of wind, and some said this bodes a storm, and all the great men of the land came together and said, we will run a compromise line between these two antagonistic ideas; "Masons and Dixon's line, we will call it," said John Randolph of Roanoke, "and then we shall have peace." But the sound of the agitation grew louder. The shadow of the conflict deepened and spread over all the sky. Again the great master minds of the nation, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Douglas, and others came together and held high and solemn debate. "Why," said one to another, "we will forge a law, a Fugitive Slave Law," they called it, forged out of the iron of the Constitution, that will forever put this ugly agitation to rest." And then they all went their several ways to their constituency, and said, "We have bound with new cords this Sampson, and we shall now surely have peace." Even the great Webster went down to Marshfield and told his neighbors there was no law binding upon the people above the Blue Hills. But in a few short months there came a rapid whirl and surge of events. Lurid clouds with mighty thunderings, broad as a hemisphere, suddenly swept over the sky. A war came in which thirty millions of people divided into two camps, and, inflamed by the fiercest sectional hate, grappled in deadly struggle—a war of unparalleled magnitude and cost, that converted every school house, college, and church into a recruiting station, and dashed fire and blood like storm spray over every home. And though we passed safely through that storm and found every star visible in our sky when the smoke and clouds of angry strife had cleared, still we learned the lesson, that even the life of a great nation flows within restricted limits, beyond which it cannot pass without peril. It is well if we remember that terrible lesson, for there is a law older than the decalogue, older than the twelve tables, a law that may be read in the ruins of every city; Palmyra or Jerusalem, Athens or

Rome; in the dust of every nation, Egyptian, Grecian, Roman or Persian, down to Spain and Turkey, trembling in the palsy of political and social decay, that declares that corruption and immorality in public affairs will as inevitably enfeeble and deteriorate a nation as they will an individual. But the danger of transgressing the law of limitation may, perhaps, be more vividly seen within a smaller sphere of observation. This life of ours is aptly compared to a garden, where grow all manner of trees pleasing to the eye and goodly to the taste; but not far away is the tree of evil of which no one can safely eat. Beside every virtue stands the tempter. Take any one you please; ambition, for instance. The eager desire for place, honor, power; to be loved and remembered is surely a noble ambition. It is the inspiration of all success, from the school-boy who learns his lesson well, in order to win the smile and approbation of his mother, to the soldier who follows the varying fortunes of his country's flag. Under its stimulation, society has been carried forward to wonderful achievements in arts and science, all kinds of inventions, practical utilities and comforts. It is the fragrance of the statesman's eloquence and the sweetness of the poet's song. All the struggles for liberty, from the Hebrew slaves fleeing from Egypt, to the pilgrim fathers fleeing to the wilderness on board of the Mayflower, have come from self-respect—the desire to escape from degradation into a broader, grander field of thought and action. The world despises the man whose heart is winged with no fine and noble impulses. Perhaps there are very few whose minds have not been haunted by the bright vision of something better than they have attained. Who has not put spur to his flagging energies on hearing the voice of this song-bird of hope? But no sooner have we found this goodly tree in our garden, laden with precious fruit, than we find that it is hedged around by the most thorny restrictions. Ambition must be toned and moderated by a proper sense of humility, and the moment it becomes an inordinate vanity, like that which devoured the soul of Benedict Arnold, or daring presumption, like that which smote the restless genius of Aaron Burr, that moment our paradise vanishes and all the traces of our heart-Eden fades away. The law is inflexible, and whenever this passion passes the limits of the most solicitous regard for the rights and happiness of others, it becomes a blight and a curse. All history has taught the lesson, from Cardinal Wolsey, who cried out when it was too late, "fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels," down to our own great Webster, bidding in the slave market for the presidency, that when ambition becomes a towering, all-absorbing egoism, it is a blight and

curse. And yet how few of our public men seem to learn that lesson. See with what stench it has smitten the word politician. It is a noble word, and simply means one versed in the science of government and public affairs, but has quite generally come to mean an artful and dishonest schemer; a political hack trying to auction his conscience to the highest bidder; a low trickster resorting to any fraud or double-dealing that promises success. To make laws and execute them is a noble work, and ought to elevate and invigorate all the manly virtues; but how many listen to the voice of the tempter, who promises them still higher honors, if they will only scramble upon a rotten platform, help carry through some swindling legislation, or will turn the high places of the State and nation into a political huckster shop, selling places of profit and trust. At last the mask drops off and the villain jumps out and the official is sent home in disgrace, the jeer and scorn of the people who had trusted him.

Take as another illustration the love of property; certainly a wise and benignant sentiment, whatever a lazy, red-mouthed, beer-guzzling socialism may say to the contrary. There is hardly a more beautiful spectacle than that of an industrious, thrifty man, striving to earn property enough to clothe and school his children, and to build a home of peace, plenty and contentment to shelter and protect those he loves, when the strong arm is dust. Indeed the love of property is one of the primary forces of our civilization. It builds the steam-ships that weld alien shores together, and lays the iron way of trade and enterprise that braids the most distant States into commercial and social reciprocity. It endows our schools, colleges, churches, observatories, and fosters the fine arts, science, and inventions. It promotes taste, elegance, comfort and refinement. It makes the wilderness and solitary places to rejoice and deserts to blossom as the rose. We may therefore consider the love of property as one of the paradise builders; but close by it stands the evil tree. When the old apostle said the love of money is the root of all evil, he stated a most startling fact, for of all the curses that harden the features, wither the heart, and shatter home, honor and integrity, none is more widespread and desolating than the excessive greed for gold. And nowhere is the passionate lust of gain so absorbing and dominant as in our own land. We have here no privileged classes founded on ancestral pedigree. No man is known from the color of the bark on his family tree. Money is our chief symbol of distinction, power and influence. At its touch all the pew doors fly open. It carries off the honors of the universities, wins the elections and suits at law. It is the passport to the best society. A man's

manners may be boorish, his education imperfect, his morals bad, his presence forbidding, but if he has plenty of money he can brave public opinion, woo the fair and always find a lot of toad-eaters to echo his words as oracles. Is it any wonder that men in business should learn to swindle, cheat the government by false invoices, swear lies at the custom-house, avoid paying taxes, gamble on margins and embezzle trust funds? Is it any wonder that thieves, burglars and lawless vice should multiply and seek to forage on the property of others? The magnetic mountain, in the Arabian fable, drew by silent traction all the nails, bolts and rivets out of the ships that came too near and covered the sea with the floating wreck. One can hardly live a year in a modern city and engage in some active business, without feeling that his morality is going down and his fine scruples of honor and virtue are becoming dull, and conscience less resonant to the voice of duty, justice, right.

Perhaps the most appealing illustration of this principle may be found in the realm of the human affections. The heart is a river that flows within banks, and to stray beyond is to come into exile from peace and happiness. It may be a little Eden in which our lot is cast, but there are fruits, flowers and sunshine enough in it to occupy all our years in gathering.

Happiness is not an expensive sentiment dependent upon the extent of acres and architectural splendor, but may be found in the nest like, vine-clad cottage, where sing the sweet birds of love, hope, purity and joy. What fragrant memories cluster around the Eden of a father's care and a mother's adoring gentleness and sympathy, or that dearer spot still, that has blossomed into the home of wife, husband and child. Is it not strange that the human heart is not more thankful for such precious gifts, and willing to accept of their limitations and try and make them rich and beautiful? It is a charming bit of forest we are in, full of sweet flowers and pleasant fruit-bearing trees, and only one denied. Is it not marvelous that we do not cheerfully accept of the situation and leave the fruit of that forbidden tree to ripen and go to decay, untouched and untasted? But such is not our history, and hence this earth, from the fabled Eden of the Euphrates to the hills and valleys of our own fair land, is strewn all over with the ruins of homes that were once full of honor, hope and happiness. As the truth is stranger than fiction, take an incident that occurred a few days ago in our city. A young married woman, possessing some personal charms, strangely grew weary of her home. It was the home of a poor, laboring man, but humble as it was, it was her only earthly paradise, and so far as is known he was kind and tender, and one little rosebud gladdened each heart

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with joy and hope. But this poor soul seemed not to know that the human heart has limits beyond which it cannot safely pass; that it has no absolute freedom to roam the world heedless of the divine cherubims that guarded her little Eden. She left her home in suspicious company, went into a distant county and in two short weeks the carnival of lust and folly palled her appetite, and then this poor, wretched heart found that happiness is a dependent plant, having its roots interlaced with other plants, and if it is once lifted from its native soil must wither and die. Bitterly repentant she returns only to find that she had crossed the dividing line between the good and evil, that her home was a paradise no longer; haunted by memory and the withered possibilities of what she might have been, in a frantic moment she said, "Kiss me, Charley, once more as you used to do," flung the babe into his lap, swallowed poison and fled out of life. And you know this is only one incident out of the hundreds that fill your daily papers. It is the old story of the divorce and divorce court. How many paradises are daily lost in this and other reckless ways. It is strange how little people think that happiness is intimately interwoven with justice; that any unkindness or injustice towards a wife, husband, child or friend is sure to shape itself sooner or later into a crown of thorns. Oh! how many find out when it is too late that the soul is orb'd in a path of special and defined limits, and that within those limits it finds peace and happiness, but if it attempts to roam beyond it will surely come to pain and unrest, and perhaps ruin and disgrace.

Time would fail to tell the many ways that happy Edens are blighted and lost. How often you hear of some promising young man driven out of a place of profit and trust for touching in an evil moment what did not belong to him. Every day you meet people with broken health, tortured by pain, and harrassed by the gloomy fears of premature death. They will tell you they once possessed the paradise of health and felt the glad consciousness bounding along every vein, lusty energy throbbing in every nerve and muscle, and that they lost it all by stepping over the boundary of prudence and temperance in the expenditure of the life-forces. How many who are bankrupt in fortune and credit, without friends or influence can tell you they once enjoyed the paradise of a flourishing business, till the demon of cupidity and gambling speculation came in and drove them out among the thorns and thistles of poverty? How many are ostracised from good society and are cast as painted wrecks upon a sea of shame, that once had an Eden, a home as lovely as yours, were rocked in cradles of innocence, had fathers and mothers who ten-

derly loved them, kind friends who honored them, but one day the tempter came into their garden, and they plucked the one thing forbidden and the flaming sword came between them and their paradise.

Now do not say that much of this shame and painful regret comes from the mere conscious loss of honor and reputation, and that every one is happy enough with his illicit pleasures so long as he is not found out. There is something worse than discovery. It is the loss of self-respect. Weak, flabby, torpid animal natures may feel the pangs of a wounded manhood but lightly; may even affect to sneer and laugh at the withered flowers of their lost Eden, but nobler natures, with a luminous reason and delicate moral susceptibility must feel, and keenly feel, qualms of agony at every slip and mistake they have made. No one cares to come to judgment at the bar of his own conscience. He can face public opinion. He can harden his heart against the jeers of a crowd. He can run away from a stained reputation, but there is no running from the sense of shame, the loss of self respect, the bitter memory of a lost paradise, from the sense of self-reproach, the cry of the crucified Christ within.

There is a sad secret literature of the heart that no one can read, a silent threnody of woe that none can hear, a hidden history that only the omniscient eye can see that attests the fact that it is dangerous to dally with wrong, however luring its shape. We are little aware how extensive is this wail of self-reproach. Had you a stethoscope fine enough to hear every footfall of thought, every ripple of feeling, you would be amazed to find what a multitude you daily meet who have lost the fairest and most blooming possibilities of their lives. You stumble hourly against invisible wounds and bleeding tragedies. Why, it would be hard to find a man who has passed the meridian and come into that place where it is "always afternoon," who will not say, "my life is a failure. I ought to have made more of myself."

It is a melancholy thing to see a noble ship stranded on the beach filling with mud, warped and seamed in the sun and covered with devouring barnacles; or to see some grand old pile, the Pantheon or Alhambra, slowly falling into a heap of ruins, the hiding place of thieves and beggars; or some masterpiece of art, one of Titian's or Raphael's best, torn and scratched by the vandalism of the ignorant, allowed to gather grime, dust and mildew in some dark, out-of-the-way place. But there is a sadder sight than that. It is a soul in ruins. The paradise of home, love, honor and character a desolation, and the soul's pathway begirt by thorns and thistles through the world.

Guard well the gates of your Eden. Troubles will come soon enough without

inviting them. The cold rain and sleet will beat into your Eden. The frost will nip some of its flowers, the winter snow under its beauty. There will be graves dug in your Eden, the graves of love, hope and joy; for the inevitable comes to ail by a law as unerring and inexorable as that which pales the autumn leaf or palsies the steps of age. But these are troubles you can avoid. You can keep the tempter out of your Eden. You can guard the purity of your love and desires, the sweet serenity of conscience, the honor and glory of manhood and womanhood. Guard well these portals. Never allow the sentinel of vigilance to sleep at his post. There is the paradise of youth! There is the paradise of property! There is the paradise of pleasure. There is the paradise of ambition! There is the paradise of home and love! It is an ample world you are placed in, richly endowed with all the soul's needs for happiness, but near each good grows the evil tree.

Touch that and your paradise is gone, and flaming swords guard its gates. Obey the laws that condition the soul, and not only will life be free from unrest and self-reproach, but when the noise of the earth shall die upon the ear, and all its rude winds sink into a calm, then the soul shall see a light and feel the touch of a breeze from the Paradise of God.

—♦—

A SUNNY DISPOSITION.—Give thanks for a sunny disposition, if you have it—for the faculty of seeing the pleasant side of every-day life. If parents only realized how far this gift goes to oiling the machinery of home-life, preventing friction of temper, and causing general smooth-running, they would encourage and not repress this quality in children's minds. Most children are naturally quick at seeing the funny side, which is nearly the same as the sunny side. What a difference it makes in a house whether or not there is a sunbeam person keenly alive to the ludicrous side of affairs.

### Woman.

The cynics say that when the world began,  
A woman came to make it warm for man;  
While poets, ranging brighter fields of thought,  
Sing only of the blessings that she brought.  
Wherein is truth? The misery of doubt  
Has sapped my soul, and compassed me about,  
For if, as sweet-voiced poets oft recite,  
She shares our griefs and doubles our delight,  
Coming in angel's form to soothe our pain,  
Why should she plead for equity in vain?  
Is great-souled woman, tender, thoughtful, just,  
Unworthy of the rights we now entrust  
To meanest man? In very sooth 'twould seem  
There's something faulty in our poet's theme;  
For, if there's truth in any song they've sung,  
Man stands the blackest ingrate yet unhung.

—Anonymous.

## Original Contributions.

### TRUE AND FALSE FAITH.

#### A Defense of Honest Investigators of Spiritual Phenomena.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

"On argument alone my faith is built."—*Young*

"When the soul grants what reason makes her see,  
That is true faith, what's more's credulity."  
—*Sir F. Fane.*

"But faith, fantastic faith, once wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."—*Moore.*

Wisdom and justice must guide our faith.....Faith guided by wisdom and lighted and inspired by love would be the better statement of the best influence and action of these faculties or attributes of man."—*Giles B. Stebbins.*

"Add to your faith, virtue, and to virtue, knowledge.....For as the body apart from the spirit is dead, even so faith apart from works is dead.....If I have all faith so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing."—*New Testament.*

A very long article, by a prominent worker and thinker in the Spiritual movement, upon the beauty, necessity, and efficacy of faith, has been published. As, in my opinion, some of the conclusions reached in this article, and some of the ideas therein advanced, are not in consonance with the fundamental principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, now in process of presentation by me in the columns of the CARRIER DOVE, I am moved to submit to its readers a few thoughts relative to the distinction between true and false faith, in contradistinction to the views thereupon promulgated by the writer above referred to.

To the statement that faith is "the guardian of wisdom and love" I must demur. Without reason no wisdom is possible, and without wisdom love becomes a consuming fire, blasting the happiness of its votaries. Faith in that which is false paralyzes the judgment, dethrones the reason, and effectually retards the development of wisdom; while, in the domain of love, faith in an unworthy object often produces measureless woe and misery untold. So far from faith being unpopular and needing champions, as alleged, it is alas! much too popular; and its unwise champions confront us at every turn.

#### NATURE OF FALSE FAITH.

The faith so mourned over as being "trampled upon by the great world in cold heartlessness, is," we are told, "the guardian of the historic truth of ancient religion and the defender of Modern Spiritualism." That is, we must have faith in the "historic truth" of self-contradictory records of ancient miracles, and in distorted accounts of apocryphal "marvels" consummated by frauds and cheats purporting to be supramundane in origin, like those nightly performed by the "materializing" charlatans with which Spiritualism is cursed. Not that some things genuine are not at times

presented by some "mediums" of this class; but the larger part of said phenomena is fraudulent. The fact of materialization is not denied. Such phenomena do sometimes occur, but simulation occurs very much oftener.

The faith so extolled is tantamount to confidence in the villainy and folly of the race,—in all the rogues, cheats, and liars, who, pretending to be Spiritualists and mediums, prey upon the pockets of honest, unsuspecting Spiritualists. Have faith in the "historic truth of ancient religion;" believe that the bones of the prophet Elisha, by their touch, restored to life a dead man; that God Almighty talked in person to Moses for forty years; that the rods of Aaron and the magicians were changed into serpents, and that Aaron's rod-serpent swallowed all the other rod-serpents; that three men were never scorched, though cast into a furnace seven times heated; that Lazarus was restored to life after being dead four days, and after decomposition of his body had set in; that Jesus was born of a virgin mother; that the sun stood still a whole day to allow one barbarous tribe to butcher another; that the Lord rained fire and brimstone on Sodom and Gomorrah, not from hell, mark you, the traditional great storehouse of fire and brimstone, but from heaven, where one would presume those distinctive combustibles would find no place,—believe in the "historic truth" of these and the other myths and marvels accompanying "ancient religion," and "great is your reward." In like manner we should have faith in the marvels of present-day pseudo-Spiritualism.

Faith "thinks no evil," we are informed, and "receives every one with open arms as a friend." He who blindly accepts the non-existence of evil, and regards every one as a friend, is a fit subject for an insane asylum. The writings of the author of this sentence show that he recognizes the existence of evil and falsehood among us, against which he strongly inveighs,—though, unfortunately, that is often called evil and false which is true and genuine.

#### THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

In the article under review we find promulgated a code of fourteen new commandments. In the eleventh of these commandments we are told that man should confide in the "truth of the true, in the excellence of humanity, in the worth of honest testimony," and that we should "never wrong anyone by unjust suspicion or jealousy." Now, while, of course, we should confide in the truth of the true, we should have no confidence in the falsehood of the false,—of which latter the world has yet a large proportion. "Honest testimony," in the worth of which we are enjoined to confide, has recognized rag babies and dolls' pillows, and the arms

and legs of adults, as the veritable children of those so testifying; and those furnished with "honest testimony" have even made affidavits that they recognized such disgusting humbuggery as genuine materialization. The "honest testimony" of some persons in many cases, will vouch for everything as spiritual that may be presented, and anything as their immediate relatives in spirit-life, no matter how transparent the fraud. There are two sides to everything in nature; the universe is dual in its structure and interrelations. The writer referred to seems to often ignore the reverse side of the shield, the dark sides of human nature, in many of his ethical inculcations; appearing, for the time being, to regard everything *couleur de rose*.

#### FALSE CHARGES AGAINST HONEST, CAREFUL INVESTIGATORS.

Those of us who decline to accept the truth of fraudulent materializations are accused, most unjustly, with "denying the veracity and competence of honorable witnesses." Honorable witnesses may be perfectly truthful in their statements, but they are often liable to err in judgment. It is rarely that two honest witnesses ever testify to the same thing precisely alike,—the peculiar mentality of each influencing his or her conceptions and descriptions of the events observed. Two equally "honorable witnesses" many times give diametrically opposite testimony relative to certain scenes witnessed by them. Have we not to decide between them? Both cannot be right. We need not impeach the veracity of either; but we are compelled to conclude that one is more competent than the other,—has better powers of observation, is clearer-headed, or in some manner better qualified to give testimony upon the points involved. It is the height of absurdity to place implicit confidence in the absolute truth of everything told us by apparently honest witnesses. Two sources of error have to be eliminated. First, we must ascertain if they are really "honorable" witnesses. We must have some reasonable evidence of their veracity; for we know the world is filled with falsehood, error and exaggeration. Next, regarding the persons as honest in their statements we should gauge their mentalities to ascertain whether they are liable to be biased by passion, envy, sympathy, or antipathy, prejudices for or against, and like idiosyncrasies impairing the value of their testimony. The credulous acceptance of everything any one may tell us, as recommended, would prove disastrous to every one simple enough to actualize it in real life. How many happy homes have been blasted, how many have been rendered bankrupt financially and socially, how many virtuous, loving girls have been rendered outcasts and moral wrecks, through the practical error

the world's best benefactors; and such faith humanity, in its best phases, is becoming more and more acquainted with. It is faith grounded on knowledge, based upon rational philosophy, largely the offspring of honest, rational doubt.

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

This is not a faith based upon the fiction of absolute goodness in human nature; but upon trust in exact science, in demonstrated truth; faith in the results of the most rigid analysis and the strictest, most searching examination of all theories. Faith in the supremacy of human reason, and its capacity to detect the truth and expose the error; faith in the enlightened common sense of mankind; faith in the outcome of humanity in its highest, holiest aspects, not in its lower, more superstitious phases; faith in true justice and strict equity, not in the efficacy of an uncontrolled, all-dominating love or an indiscriminating charity.

#### DO SCIENTISTS EXERCISE FAITH?

The writer under review charges upon scientists a lack of faith. To be sure, scientists are, to a large extent, without faith in the "historic truth of ancient religion," or in modern superstition in its marvel-producing form; but where can be found those with more faith in law, in the unvarying constancy of nature, in the principles guiding the universe, in the pertinency of facts; in the true scientific spirit, in the power of the human intellect to discover and apply truth in every branch of research? Moreover, one of the strongholds of science is what is called the "scientific use of the imagination." Although this writer asserts its non-use by scientists, the use of this faith is largely paramount even among the most materialistic scientists, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, *et al.*

Haeckel's "Natural History of Creation" and "Evolution of Man" will ever stand as marvels of the scientific use of the imagination in filling up gaps in the grand scheme of physical evolution of organic forms from the lowest to the highest; the gaps being filled up in accordance with known facts and in a legitimate, scientific method. He, like all great scientists, continually reasons from the known to the unknown—framing theories, elaborating hypotheses, formulating suppositive explanations of nature's laws in unknown or partially-understood realms. Similar examples are Newton's law of gravitation, Kepler's three laws, Laplace's nebular hypothesis, Harvey's circulation of the blood, Lamarck's evolution, Darwin's and Wallace's natural selection, Huyghen's wave-theory of light, etc.

#### NO TEST CONDITIONS IN CIRCLES.

Our writer also derides the institution of all test conditions. "In visiting

circles," he says, "all thought of deception should be entirely banished from the mind." Such a course of conduct is possible only to an idiot or a lunatic. How can any one with intelligence visit a circle and entirely banish from the mind all thought of deception? If he possesses any sense at all, he must know that deception is possible, no matter how strong his faith in the genuineness of the phenomena presented. But we are told that if thoughts of deception be banished, better phenomena will ensue than if test conditions be instituted. Very probably, if the medium be a pretender, or fraudulently inclined. Of course, under test conditions, he will be unable to practice as much fraud as when left to do as he pleases. Open the gateway to fraud, we are enjoined; exact no conditions at all; let the so-called medium have everything his own way. No wonder that a Spiritualism which gives to the world such incentives to the practice of shameless villainy and rascality, such barefaced roguery and swindling, as is contained in the writings of many prominent persons connected with the Spiritual movement, editors not excepted, is looked upon with scorn and contempt by reasoning, honest men and women; and it ought to be so contemned until it purifies itself of the load of graceless scamps with which it is now infested. To those advocating the loose system of seance-holding above adverted to, it were idle to say a word. They are joined to their idols. One consolation we have, however: generally, their "way of life is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;" and they will soon be ushered into the higher life, leaving their places to be filled by younger, less fossilized and more progressive minds.

#### TRUTH IS OFTEN HARSH.

However harsh may seem the foregoing criticisms and others that I have published in the CARRIER DOVE, but one spirit animates their dictation, and that is the advancement of truth. Too long have the friends of true, inspiring Spiritualism, through their indisposition to engage in dissension, permitted themselves to be ridden over rough-shod by the partisans of folly and unreason.

Let the friends of pristine truth, fresh from the fountains of spiritual wisdom, rally to its defense, nor cease to wage the contest till victory perches on the standard of a Spiritualism centered in scientific induction, throned in philosophic deduction, and freed from the extravagances of credulous enthusiasts and the vagaries of its semi-developed mediums, sensitives, and indiscriminating devotees.

"Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;  
Surprised by unjust force, and not enthrall'd;  
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;  
But evil on itself shall back recoil."

bochment of the pernicious principle of  
faith in humanity? Let every  
philanthropist then, every one whose  
heart and soul is touched with a living  
sympathy for the sons and daughters of  
denounce, in unmeasured terms,  
the injunction to have perfect confidence  
in utterances and promises of man-  
Its ultimate effect, if carried out,  
be devilish, full of woe to the  
one of the greatest curses pos-  
sible to be inflicted upon humanity.

Nor do we demand "incessant repeti-  
tion of what has already been fully  
established," as charged. Have not  
mediums been known to have genuine  
phenomena at one seance, and at another  
been detected in gross fraud?  
Each seance must stand on its individual  
distinctive merits. Phenomena in cir-  
cles are dependent on subtle conditions;  
and sometimes, genuine phenomena fail-  
ing, mediums are tempted to produce  
calculated ones. How necessary, then,  
that the medium should be so surrounded  
as to preclude all attempts at  
trickery on his or her part. Failing this,  
the door is open to every species of  
trickery.

Every one of the charges brought  
against the advocates of fair play in spirit  
manifestations, so far from being appli-  
cable to them, are, in reality, specially  
opposite to the practices of the fraud-  
defenders. These latter deny the veracity  
and competence of honorable witnesses.  
Many good and honorable persons, Spir-  
itualists and investigators, have testified  
to the fraudulent character of the phe-  
nomena seen by them, and have given us  
positive proof of the guilt of the vile  
tricksters imposing upon the public. This  
they have done as an act of duty in the  
interests of truth, and how have they  
been received? As we know, opprobri-  
ous epithets have been heaped upon them;  
and, to aid disreputable tricksters, the  
reputation of every honest man or woman  
taking a stand for truth against deviltry  
has been assailed.

We do not charge the defenders of  
trickery, as a rule, with lying or dishonesty;  
we think them in general, honestly mis-  
taken; their good faith is not impeached. Yet  
we are charged with impugning the good  
faith of the honest defenders of fraudu-  
lent mediums.

Again it is the fraud-defenders who  
demand incessant repetition of what has  
already been established. Overwhelming  
evidence has over and over been adduced  
of the guilt of various pretended materi-  
alizing mediums—proofs which leave not  
a shadow of doubt of their knavery; and  
yet the host of fraud-worshippers dis-  
gracing the name of Spiritualists, one  
and all, pay no heed to this conclusive  
evidence, and continue to assert that the  
so-called mediums are persecuted inno-  
cents.

There is a form of faith which is one of

## RESPONSIBILITY OF MEDIUMS.

## Power of Disembodied Spirits to Influence Men for Good or Evil.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

[Part Second.]

A little time ago I witnessed a scene which carried with it the very lesson we are now discussing. My medium friend is one whose singularly pure life and sweet, unselfish disposition seem to have favored elevated control; and some of our leading thinkers have for years attracted spirit wisdom through her organism. On the occasion referred to the medium had been the unconscious mouthpiece for a spirit friend, when, in a moment, the control changed, and a blackguard spirit took possession who not only abused the medium's husband and myself with foul language, but presently seized a weapon and compelled us to struggle for our very lives. We were afterwards told by the medium's guide that it was the spirit of a murderer, who had for the moment a greater power than theirs, and gained control. Advocates of the full responsibility of mediums would have demanded the execution of that lady sensitive, had the spirit succeeded in killing one of us. Yet it would have been cruel injustice.

A distinguished lady advocate of this marvelous logic uses an illustration that is probably the most ingenious yet invented for the purpose. It is to the effect that no spirit could experience sensation through a mortal, because the mesmeriser experiences none of the feelings he causes in the minds of his subjects. Let us see if this theory will bear examination: Here was this murderer expressing a fiendish malignity in which the medium had no part, for she dearly loves the husband her hand was trying to kill. Some of us remember the scene when the celebrated Mrs. Conant had pleasantly greeted a brother medium in her private apartment. It happened that the Indian guides of those mediums had died foes, and retained their old hatred, for to battle they went. The broken furniture and fierce blows soon showed the reality of such spirit return as is deemed impossible by those whose views I am now criticising. If sensitives are as accountable as others, the proper thing to have done would have been to fine and imprison those mediums as breakers of law.

But the point I make is this: If sensations of anger and hatred and desire to commit murder can thus be reflected by the medium from the spirit control, who for the time being is the magnetiser, we see that the illustration of the magnetiser and his subject used by our lady advocate reaches a false conclusion. We perceive that a spirit magnetiser can experience low and degraded sensations through a mortal organism subject to his will power, and sensations of lust and gluttony and

burning thirst for liquor can all be similarly expressed through mediums whose outward life is as pure as that of the mothers and sisters of their slanderers. This is a truth that every experienced Spiritualist will find abundant opportunity to verify, unless he allow prejudice to blind him to fact.

It is now proved as a positive fact that Joan of Arc was not executed by her English captors, yet fraudulent spirit Joans continue to come and repeat the old lie as their earth experience. But we see there is no effective power in the spirit world that can prevent their return to earth, although wise spirits may sometimes succeed in mitigating the evil. Just as human nature is itself mixed, so we cannot throw open a gate to the spirit world and dictate who or what class shall pass through.

Satisfactory spirit intercourse can only take place when man and spirit are in full accord. But when we hurl aspersions at our spirit mediums because conditions have permitted unclean and impure manifestations, we are repeating the old cry of witchcraft in other words, and the spirit world feels our gross injustice. We know too sadly that frauds exist, and that much of mediumship is impure and imperfect, but the remedy will not be found in denying a fact of nature, and claiming the medium as no more impressive than others, for that is nonsense. A medium on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, is a medium all the rest of the week, whether we recognize the influence or not.

To denounce fraud is all right, and sure to win very cheap applause. To study the causes of fraud and overcome them would be far better philosophy. Public mediums are a necessity of Spiritualism; but we forget that public conditions go hand in hand with public mediumship. I very much doubt whether there be a mother, daughter, sister or wife, however honest and truthful, in the world to-day, capable of full development as a cabinet medium, who would not, under the conditions of public seances, be sooner or later found guilty of what the world calls fraud. And yet, in the eyes of advanced spirits, that medium may not have lost even a tint of the spirit purity of true womanhood.

The world insists on these phases of spirit manifestation. Then let us in honest sincerity and love study how to give the world that which it craves. And at the same time let us see if it be not possible to protect our sensitives from the weakness inseparable from such mediumship.

It may be that some day we shall discover that this class of phenomena includes as a necessity much of that we call fraud; and we may possibly discover that much of that fraud comes from the side of life which produces Joans of Arc

to order; and will furnish you almost any spirit friend you desire. Perhaps we may also learn that what we have called fraud was as true to its conditions as what we have called honesty.

It may be that this class of phenomena does not deal with those human emotions that we call aspirations after purity and holiness; and that we must ourselves grow worthy of higher spirit intercourse if we would leave fraud, violence and lust behind.

It may be that, since human nature has no dividing line, we are calling to us through such phenomena, those even less advanced than ourselves; for it is a law of spirit intercourse that we must ourselves grow spiritual before "angels" can do much more than "hover round."

And I would I might add that it also may be that some day we shall have greater pity for mediums, and recognize our responsibility towards them as never before; and then, perchance, it may be that humanity on earth will learn that communicating with humanity in the spirit world through every phase of our phenomena is capable of becoming the very blessing that fond enthusiasts would vainly claim for it to-day.

463 West 23d street, New York.

When Alexander the Great was plundering the palace of Darius, one of his soldiers found a leather bag containing the crown jewels of Persia. The prize was worth millions, but the stupid fellow shook out the glittering stones among the rubbish, saying that he had found a fine sack to carry his dinner in. A slave was one day climbing a mountain when his foot slipped and he fell. To break the fall he caught a sapling, but it gave way, and slave and sapling fell to the bottom; but when he got up he noticed curious white particles sticking to the roots. They looked very much like silver. He hastened back to the spot where the tree had grown, got down on his hands and knees, and with his hands dug away a few inches of the soil. Lo! he had discovered the mines of Potosi, which have yielded hundreds of ship loads of solid silver.—*Thought of the Times.*

That which has died within us is often the saddest portion of what death has taken away—and to all, and above measure, to those in whom no higher life has been awakened. The heavy thought is the thought of what we were, of what we hoped and proposed to have been, of what we ought to have been, of what but for ourselves we might have been—set by the side of what we are, as though we are haunted by the sight of our own youth. This is a thought the crushing weight of which nothing but a strength above our own can lighten.—*Hare.*

## Literary Department.

## CROOKED PATHS,

OR  
THE WAGES OF SIN.BY M. T. SHELLHAMER,  
AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS," ETC.  
CHAPTER XIV.

## HOME AGAIN.

When we turned to trace the career of Henry Lyman, we left his little daughter pursuing her musical studies in Germany, under the protection of her guardians, Mr. and Mrs. Blunt. The young student remained in the city of Mossbank until her sixteenth year. In the meanwhile she made good use of her opportunities, developed her vocal powers and cultivated her musical taste until she had reached the utmost bounds for her by her critical instructor. She unfolded personal charms as well as graces of heart that made her an object of delight to all who came in contact with her.

At the age of sixteen years, when a graduate from the university of music, receiving the highest encomiums and ready to bestow, May Blake bade farewell to the beautiful land of the Blunts, and with her uncle and aunt, as she called the Blunts, set sail for her old home at Mossbank in America. She was a tall, slender girl, well developed, willowy and graceful in form, with a clear, rosy complexion, features of classical mould, eyes large and full, hazel in color and dreamily soft in expression, a mouth full of sweetness, and a voice rich and harmonious, with no trace of coarseness in its deep, mellow tones. The abundant brown tresses that in early life fell in curls upon her sloping shoulders, were now gathered in a coronet upon her head, thus disclosing the fair, broad brow in its intellectual beauty. Little tendrils of golden-brown hair curled in tiny locks, framing the snowy, arching neck with little circlets that only added to the charm of their wearer's loveliness. As beautiful as a picture, May was no less true in spirit. Mild and gentle as a child, yet possessing fire and energy that could surmount any obstacle in the pathway of duty or of labor, she seemed to be a compound of the finest and noblest traits of human character. From her earliest remembrance she had held a soft place in her heart for the poor and unfortunate, and when a child she was never so happy as when sharing her treasures with some one who, unlike herself, had not the care of mother and friend.

Such was May Blake on her reappearance at Mossbank. Her old musical in-

structor had never had a pupil more devoted to her art, or one whose talents promised a more glorious return than those of May Blake, and he was loath to part with her. If she would only remain and enter the operatic field under his management; but, no, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Blunt could consent to that, and so, reluctantly at the last the old enthusiast bade his beloved pupil farewell, beseeching her, if at any time she needed a friend, to return to him for aid.

Mossbank was at last thrown open to receive its returning wanderers. How good it seemed to be at home. After all, the delights of a sojourn abroad could not surpass the pleasures to be found at their own nest, and the little family settled down to the enjoyment of those contentments that can only be gained in the bosom of a really united household. Old associations were revived. Friends, who had missed the Blunts from the neighborhood and were glad of their return, called at once to renew the friendship of past years. Not only in the immediate vicinity of Mossbank, and at Dalton, but for miles around the country the Blunts stood high in the estimation of the most cultured families; and now, on their reappearance among them, friends vied with each other in making their homecoming a welcome one. Receptions, teas, evening *soirees*, and other entertainments were given in their honor. Matrons and maids alike, charmed with the beauty and grace of their protegee, besieged the Blunts with invitations to their homes. They could not well deny their old friends, nor could they ignore the kindness and courtesy that prompted them, and thus it happened that May Blake, ere the roses of her seventeenth summer had dropped their perfumed petals upon her sunny head found herself the centre of attraction in the most select and refined circles of society of that portion of the country she claimed as home.

And now it became the duty of our friends to entertain as well as be entertained, and the greatest charm of her life May found in catering to the enjoyment of her friends at the receptions and *soirees* given by her uncle and aunt. At such times she greatly contributed to the entertainment by the exercise of her wonderful powers as a vocalist and as a skillful performer on the fine musical instrument purchased for her exclusive use. Never were her friends so carried beyond themselves to a conception of a grander life, and higher possibilities of being, than when listening to the glorious voice of that slender, delicate girl.

At the close of one of her famous little musicales, when parting with her for the night a young friend said, "May, dear, I never was so enchanted in my life as I have been this evening, in listening to your wonderful voice. I want my sister, Mrs. Clarke of Boston to hear you; she would give half

her fortune, I do believe, to secure such a teacher as you would make for her children. It almost seems a pity that you are not poor enough to have to give your talent to the training of those who have musical taste but whose powers are falsely trained by unwise teachers. Not that I want to see you brought down to the drudgery of teaching however."

May smiled, but paid little heed to her friend's remarks. Six months later they returned to her in full force, and determined the course afterward entered upon.

## SELECTED STORY.

## A Message from the Dead.

Many years have passed since the events which I am about to narrate, yet I think it would be very surprising if they did not stand out in my mental retrospect more clearly than any in which in the course of all my later years I have directly taken part.

It was on my return to Aleppo, after a wandering excursion in some of the wilder regions of Asia Minor, that I found awaiting me a communication informing me of the somewhat sudden death of my elder and only brother, and of my consequent accession to a large but not very valuable property in the north. Though we were the last remaining scions, in the direct line, of my race, my brother and myself had met but seldom for a good many years.

We were what the world I suppose would term eccentrics. On his part, he had withdrawn himself before the time of middle age from all concern with the practical things of our modern world, storing his head with the knowledge—useless, I fear, for the most part—of the ancients, and the cabinets and recesses of the old family mansion with a medley of the relics of ancient civilization and mediæval barbarism. But of all hobbies that upon which he bestowed the best of his intellect and his affections was a collection of ancient gems which I believe to be still without its rival in Europe. Some were inscribed with mystic characters, of which he alone pretended to decipher the meaning; some were purely ornamental, cut by the hand of cunning jewelers of the olden time, others were in the rough state in which they had been ravished from the earth thousands of years before. This collection was as the very apple of his eye, the one precious thing on which he allowed his withered affections to concentrate themselves.

It was a sad life, and a lonely one—a life which, with all my fraternal feeling towards him, I found it impossible to enter into and to share with him. The one trait we had in common was a restless intolerance of the conventionalities of society; and while my brother spent

his time over the dead relics and musty legends of the past, I wandered and searched into many strange places of the world, where I suspect the foot of a European had never made its way before.

From this wandering life I found myself, for awhile at least, recalled by the aforesaid communication awaiting me at Aleppo, to the duties of an English landowner. The letter bore a date now more than two months old. I had no time to lose in proceeding to take possession of my new kingdom. Who could say what troubles the law might not have fabricated for me in this interval?

And of a truth the law had been busy enough in my absence—not indeed, as I had foreseen it, but under the alarming and morbidly exciting guise in which it fastens on the track of suspected crime. My poor brother's greatest care and pleasure had ever been in the scrupulous and exact cataloguing, according to an arrangement which was almost scientific, of his collection of precious gems. In the inventory there had appeared a no less careful description, under a separate heading, of "Duplicate and Superfluous Specimens." While the main collection had been found perfectly exact and intact, these "Duplicate and Superfluous Specimens" had vanished en masse. The strictest search had failed to throw any light upon their disappearance, and the only occurrence which suggested a clue was the coincident disappearance of my brother's servant who had decamped but two days before his master's death without any previous announcement of an intention of so doing, and without leaving any address or indication of his probable whereabouts.

In these circumstances, and in my own absence, our family solicitor had very sensibly taken upon himself to advertise a description of the jewels; whereof the result had been the arrest in Paris of my late brother's servant with some of the gems still in his possession, while others were restored by the various jewelers and collectors of curios to whom he had disposed of them; thus nearly all the gems had been recovered, and the valet was undergoing durance vile in punishment for their abstraction.

It is true he had denied the charge of theft; had asserted that he was acting on behalf of my brother and under his orders in selling the jewels, and that he was in the full intention of loyally transmitting the purchase money to my brother, had time been given him and my brother's life been spared; but this was deemed a fiction so transparent, in the light of the overwhelming probabilities on the other side, as to be scarcely worthy of serious consideration.

I was exceedingly sorry to hear of this young fellow's misbehavior for it happened that I took a peculiar interest in him. In the first place he was the only

son of a very old and respected family servant—one "old Forrester" by name—who had acted as bailiff on the estate during the latter part of my father's lifetime and during the whole of my brother's period of possession. He was a dear kind old man, devoted body and soul to our interest, yet with not the heart to refuse the most preposterous demand of the most exorbitant tenant. Then, as a lad, the son, too had been such a bright taking boy.

He had married, and shortly after entering my brother's service had lost his wife—a loss which had affected him so deeply that, as my brother used to write to me, he often had fears for his reason or of his laying desperate hands on himself.

Nor was it enough that crime and the law had busied themselves within my house. In the interval between my brother's demise and my arrival, death had claimed another victim. One of old Forrester's two little grandchildren, daughters of the son who had so belied his promise, had succumbed to the same malignant disease which had cut down my poor brother. Our solicitor suggested "drains," whereupon old Forrester had sent off the surviving grandchild to the mother's people, while he and the solicitor uprooted the foundations of our old family mansion, and found the state of things not less deplorable than usual. By my arrival, all this trouble, also, had been got over. Old Forrester, who had been sleeping in the bedroom which he told me I was to occupy, went over to his own, a semi-detached part of the house, and with the deaf old cook (who, with the exception of young Forrester, had been my brother's only indoor domestic) and my traveling servant I endeavored to feel myself at home.

For some days I was occupied in looking over the curiosities which had filled so large a space in my brother's life, with a listless interest for which conscience sorely reproached me, and in learning the boundaries and disposition of my property, which I had either never known or had forgotten. I was thus thrown much into the company of old Forrester, and felt greatly drawn toward the old man by his grave courtesy of manner, stamping him one of nature's gentlemen, and by his simple, touching reliance on the justice and goodness of that Providence which had sent him so many trials. Despite all the weight of the evidence, he would not believe in the guilt of his only son.

"Na, na" he would say; "Wattie would no have done such a thing as that. He was wild a wee, na doubt, or he had been once, but he would never go to steal anything or to do anything under-hand—that was no the nature of him. And he was fond of the Laird too, na doubt ye that, and he'd no have hurt a hair of

the Laird's head, much less one of his jewels that he loved better'n his life. And since his wife died, Wattie's no cared about anything at all. Often often I've heard him say he wished he was dead, and I was glad to see him do something the night for fear he might know it would be wrong to do that. Wattie it's no likely that when the pair had riches for himself, let alone by getting and let alone it's being the Laird, na; the evidence was strong—I'm no saying anything against it—and the jury'd no ken Wattie's nature as I knowed it; but it was no in Wattie's nature to do that. I'm no rightly understanding it, nor why the Laird should have carried the jewels to Paris but I'm thinking it may be as Wattie said, that the Laird did no wish the jewels should be sold to an Englishman. He was verra jealous for his jewels, the Laird. He could na bear that another body should have the jewels that he had no himself."

I tried to lead the old man to another subject. It was quite painful to me to hear him speak so confidently of his faith in this erring son, when I could not but deem it so woefully misplaced.

The part of the house in which old Forrester slept was shut off from the rest of the building, that is to say, that it consisted merely of two rooms, a large and a small one, at the head of a separate wooden stair leading up from a passage which ran from the kitchen to the side door of the house. At the foot of the stair was a door going on to the aforesaid passage, and thus old Forrester's humble suite of apartments was quite shut off from the main building.

One night, after sitting late over some papers, I went into the garden to finish my cigar before going to bed. It was a lovely night, and I dawdled aimlessly along the grass-plot, when on passing beneath old Forrester's window, I was intensely surprised to hear his voice in conversation, apparently, with some person in his room. The window was open and I could hear plainly every word.

"Can ye no speak? What ails ye, pair body?" he was saying. "Can ye no speak what troubles ye, and be quiet?"

Then, after a pause, I heard old Forrester again, in the same plaintive, almost beseeching, tones as before: "Can ye no say what ails ye, pair body? What's the matter? What could it mean? I asked him. Could he be speaking to a dog or a cat? To the best of my knowledge, he had no such animal in the room with him. Possibly he might be talking in his sleep, but I thought I had heard many other talkers, I had never heard one with so distinct articulation. I waited a few



was longer beneath the window, and then, hearing no more, went to bed with the resolve of questioning old Forrester on the matter. "Do you sleep with a dog or cat in your room?" I asked him next morning.

"Na, na, Laird. What for do you ask that?"

"Well then, my old friend, let me tell you that you are the best talker in your sleep I ever heard in my life;" and then I told him what I overheard the night before.

"Na, na, Laird," said he; "it's no talking in my sleep I was. I've been minded to tell ye this while back, but I sorely liked to trouble ye about it. Eh, there's a pair body that's sair unhappy comes about that room—eh, sair unhappy!"

"Do you mean to say somebody comes into your room at night?" I asked.

"Aye, just that" said old Forrester.

"But bless me man! isn't the door at the foot of the staircase locked? Besides, the fellow'd have to get into the house itself."

"Eh Laird," said he, with a half-smile "it's no a thing that locks and doors 'll keep out. It's just the spirit of some pair body that's unhappy and canna get his rest in the grave, he added, with a simplicity that was wonderfully impressive.

"But, man alive!" I said to him, "do you mean to tell me you have seen a ghost there?"

"Maist certainly it is a ghost, Laird, if it please ye to call it so," said he, with a quiet conviction that carried with it a rebuke; "but I have no seen a ghost there, though I've heard things there, Laird, that neither yourself nor any other body'll tell me was the work of a living man."

I began to be a little reassured. Old Forrester's manner had almost led me to believe that he really had seen something that it might be hard to account for by natural causes. The sense of hearing, however, is much more open to delusion than that of sight.

"Oh, it's only what you've heard, is it?" I said lightly. "Well what did you hear?"

Rather, I must confess, to my disappointment, what he had to tell me amounted to much the same as the common run of those spiritual visitations. I mean that old Forrester told me the usual thing about having heard a step ascend the stairs to his room, enter the room without opening the door, and, without vouchsafing any answers to his inquiries as to the purpose of its invisible visit, descend the stairs again, and vanish through the still closed door at the bottom. I was disappointed with old Forrester, and I told him so. He did not appear offended by my incredulity—only sorrowful.

The next day I said to him: "Well, Forrester, did you hear anything of your ghost last night?"

"Aye, Laird," said he, quietly. "It happened the very same as before."

I was a little staggered, I must confess. I had hoped that my derision—expressed, I am afraid, in no very gentle terms—might have acted as a tonic on the old man's nerves. The morning after I again repeated my inquiry. Again he answered that the occurrences of the preceding night had exactly reproduced themselves.

I felt that it was getting somewhat beyond a joke. The old man must have heard something to account for his strange persistence. Could any one be playing him a trick? I asked myself. But if so, of what nature? And who could be the author of it? The deaf old cook and my own traveling servant I deemed quite above suspicion, and there was no other living soul but myself in the house. I took counsel with myself, and then, summoning old Forrester, I said, I hope without a tremor in my voice:

"Look here, Forrester, I mean to have this matter explained. To-night if you please, we will change bedrooms. You shall occupy the room I have been sleeping in, and I will take a turn with your ghostly visitor."

Forrester made no objection to the proposed arrangement. Indeed, I could see that he gladly acquiesced in it. Without saying so, in so many words, he had made me feel that he was hurt by my unconcealed incredulity.

Accordingly, soon after eleven o'clock the following night, I armed myself with my bedroom candle and a box of matches, and, passing through the door at the bottom of the little staircase, locked it put the key in my pocket and shut myself off from all material intercourse with the outside world. Though in my own mind I regarded the whole matter as sufficiently ridiculous, I nevertheless determined to take all the precautions in my power to prevent myself from being made the victim of a possible hoax.

My first care, naturally enough, was to make a thorough examination of the two rooms at the head of the stairs, and having satisfied myself that there was no living corporeal creature, at least of size worth considering, present in these rooms besides myself, I set to work on a task of a perhaps fanciful, but certainly laborious nature. I had brought with me in my pocket a paper of pins and a reel of thread. I began sticking the pins in a certain order into the woodwork of the stairs. I worked from the bottom stair upward, sticking the first pin into the right-hand corner of the outside edge of the bottom step, the next in the left-hand corner of the next step, then back again to the right of the next

step, and so on. As I stuck in the pins, I laced the thread in and out upon them until, when I had reached the top, there was a regular criss-cross pattern all the way up the stairs. It had been hard work, and when I had finished I heaved a great sigh of relief. I stood on the landing, looking down upon my ingenious handiwork with some little pride.

"No human creature," I said to myself, "hardly even a cat, could pick its way up those steps without disarranging that intricate pattern." just as I made this reflection I heard a sound—a footfall—at the bottom of the stairs. The door at the bottom was locked and bolted, and it had not been opened; yet the footfall I had heard had been within the door!

As my mind, quick as thought, jotted off these salient points, I heard another footfall—then another—nearer me this last, ascending—there was no doubt of it—ascending the stairs. And yet I could see no one! And yet the criss-cross pattern was not disturbed!

Again came the pat of the footfall, and again—in regular gradations; not loud footfalls, nor yet stealthy footfalls—just the ordinary footfalls of a person leisurely ascending the stairs—only I could see no one! And the threads were not in the slightest disarranged!

I held my candle high above my head, that its intervening light should not spoil my vision, and peered most intently down the stairs. No—nothing! On the evidence of one of my senses, I could cheerfully have gone into a court of law and sworn that there was a person ascending those stairs; on the evidence of another sense, there was no living thing on those stairs at all!

I stood there motionless, expectant, I knew not of what, while still the footsteps came up. My eyes glued themselves upon the stair on which the next footstep was to—yes, was treading. The evidence of the one sense was so vivid it almost supplied the absence of the evidence of the other; I almost saw the foot descend as I waited for it to fall—till, yes, it fell. Yet, no—I did not see it, nor did it disturb the pattern of the threads.

As the person reached the top step, an involuntary instinct—just that of common politeness, I presume—made me draw back to give room to pass. I felt a faint stir in the air, and the flame of the candle flickered gently, as the footsteps passed me.

Then I heard a very gentle, sighing, derisive "Ha, ha, ha!" on the landing behind me—and that was all.

What could it be? I do not know if you will believe me when I say I was not frightened; but I really do not think I was—as yet.

For a minute or so I stood there, with every nerve at its utmost tension. Then, hearing nothing, I turned away, and,

going into my room, locked my door and bolted it. Even in the act I reflected on the uselessness of precautions of this nature against such an intruder as had already partially revealed its presence to me. As I put this thought into unspoken words I heard in the room behind me a voice say, "Humph!"

It was just such an exclamation as a person would have made on hearing another give utterance to an opinion which coincided with his own. It struck me as a comment on my own unspoken reflection on the value of my locks and bolts. I turned sharply round; but there was no evidence that I was not alone in the room. Then I said, with a sense of the ridiculous nature of the question which involuntarily drew from me a short hysterical laugh:

"Would you be good enough to tell me if there is anybody there?" I addressed myself to vacancy, and I must confess a feeling of relief at finding myself unanswered.

I made some pencil notes of what had befallen me, and, after stoking up my fire into a cheerful blaze, and placing my candle and matches on a chair by my bedside, I undressed, got into bed, and, after a short but severe struggle with my nerves, put out my candle.

To any one who has experienced the strange inexplicable noises that emphasize themselves on the silence of the night in an old house, even when there is no reasonable expectation, so to speak, of a ghostly visitor, it will not seem surprising that I found myself quite unable to get to sleep. Spite of all, however, I was at length beginning to fancy I felt drowsy, when, all in a moment, I heard the same quiet but unmistakable footfalls moving about the room.

"Who's there?" I called sharply, starting up in bed and looking into the room, which was sufficiently lighted by the blazing fire for me to have distinguished a cat moving across it. At the sound of my voice the footfalls ceased abruptly, but no answer came.

I kept silence, holding my very breath in the intensity of my listening and in a minute or so the footfalls began again.

"Who's there?" I again cried, and again the footsteps ceased.

I lay, scarcely breathing, waiting in painful silence for them to recommence.

After what seemed a long while, they did so. This time I did not interrupt them, but continued to listen as they moved towards the fire in a leisurely methodical manner that was intensely trying to my excited nerves. Then I heard a little double-shuffle, such as a man makes with his feet before he sits down, and then a gentle sound like the sigh with which a wearied person sinks into a chair, and that was all. There was no doubt about it; the thing was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire.

Now, I had noticed that one of the castors was off this chair. When no one was in it, it stood on the three remaining castors; but when one sat down in it, one castor was tilted in the air and the chair rested on two castors and the woodwork of the broken leg. I was curious to see the position of the chair just now. I could not see this for a certainty by the flickering-brightness of the fire.

My fingers, I am ashamed to say, trembled so that I could scarcely strike a match to light my candle. When at length I succeeded, the first act of the flame was to run down along the wick almost to nothingness. With smothered impatience I held it over my head, while slowly the wax melted and the flame gradually gained strength; and there—yes—at first a suspicion, then a certainty—the chair was resting on two castors and the woodwork.

There was some one sitting in that arm-chair. And yet there was not.

I looked at the chair—with a sort of horrid fascination. I crept out of bed at length, I must admit, fairly and sorely frightened. Steadily keeping my eye on the chair, with its invisible occupant, I moved towards the fire. I sat down on the opposite side of the hearthrug, and there I remained, steadily gazing at the arm-chair, with the invisible presence opposite me.

At length I again repeated my inane question: "Would you be so good as to tell me if there is anybody there?"

Of course no answer came. Of course my question was in itself ridiculous enough, but I need hardly assure you that I felt by no means disposed to view dispassionately the ridiculous side of my position. Indeed, my frame of mind must have been most curious, for while the dread, which I could not reason myself out of, was certainly the master emotion of which I was conscious, I can nevertheless remember that the strangest and even the most puerile fancies passed through my thoughts. It even occurred to me to speculate on what would happen were I to seat myself in the same arm-chair—should I feel any obstacle, or should I be successful in achieving what I presume would be the unique distinction of having sat on, or in, a ghost? The possibility even of going behind the chair and tilting that invisible thing out of it suggested itself to me, though I was far too greatly impressed by the reverence we naturally accord to what is incomprehensible to us to entertain any definite idea of putting such a scheme in practice.

After a while I went to the table and scribbled some more notes in my diary, taking considerable credit to myself the while for so doing, with that unseen thing, as I felt, watching me. Then I put some more coals on the fire—instinc-

tively murmuring, "I beg your pardon to the occupant of the arm-chair, when a large coal fell with a good deal of noise into the fender—and then got into bed; but this time kept the candle burning.

For a while I fixed my eyes intently on the tilted chair, but at length I turned myself, even under the sufficiently trying circumstances, beginning almost to get the mysterious presence that was sharing my vigil, when suddenly a little sigh at once recalled me to what seems almost folly to speak of the "realities" of my situation. Glancing at the chair, I saw that it was now standing in its normal position when unoccupied on three castors. The thing must have been standing up by the fire, I inferred, for I had not heard it move, and I could not next move would be.

Ah! there was the quiet footfall again coming, coming nearer! Yes, indeed, it was! Nearer—nearer still! It was at the foot of the bed now. One, two, three, nearer—and then silence.

The thing was standing over me! My intent hearing caught an indefinite sound of something hardly a rustle—a something—a something which the candle acknowledged by a gentle flicker. What was "it" doing now?

All at once a warm breath fell upon my face—"it must have bent down over me and be looking closely into my face.

I could endure it no longer. With a shriek I clutched at the air before me vainly, for the evidence of sight was not confirmed by the sense of touch—my hand met no resistance—there was nothing. With a hopeless moan I fell back upon the bed and lay cowering in a paroxysm of shuddering terror. I lay so, it may have been for minutes, it may have been for half an hour, I do not know—and I heard the footfalls move away with the same measured pace—move across the room—yes, thank heaven! they were toward the door. The door did not open, but I heard the footsteps upon the stairs, and heard them slowly descend the stairs.

Then in a moment I recovered myself. I rushed to the door, unlocked it, and the footsteps died away through the door to the foot of the stairs, and, catching my hand, gazed down.

The threads in their criss-cross pattern were untouched, the door at the bottom was still bolted.

What did it mean? I groaned in my helplessness and bewilderment and terror, and quite worn out, I lay back and threw myself on my bed. I slept a dreamless sleep until I awoke the next morning with the broad daylight shine streaming in through the window. I made a hurried toilet and came down the stairs, where I found old Forrester patiently awaiting me.

"Forrester," said I, "will you forgive me? I have done you a great wrong. I have been through such an experience in that room last night as I would not have believed had the man whose word I most respect in the world told it to me. Nay, more than that, I can hardly ask you to shake hands with me in proof of your forgiveness, you have proved yourself so greatly more courageous a man than I, who pride myself on my coolness in danger. There, I can not find words to express it." I said, quite breaking down under a sense of my own inferiority to this simple, uncultured, untraveled old man, who was strong in his utter faith in a Power higher than himself watching over him.

"Were ye frightened, Laird?" said he, taking my proffered hand with a respect that but added poignancy to the wound of my self-esteem was suffering. "There was naught to frighten a body. But the poor soul's sair troubled, I'm thinking! What maybe he would have answered ye? What he tell ye what was troubling him?" I asked eagerly.

"No—not a word, Forrester," I said; and then I told him, as accurately as I could, all that had taken place, which, by words and exclamations of recognition, I perceived to be a pretty accurate reproduction of his own experiences.

Well, explain it of course we could not. For my own part, I may almost say that I did not try to explain it, so instantaneously had I to reject, as utterly inadequate every hypothesis that for a moment suggested itself to me. Old Forrester had, indeed, his own explanation, it may be called so. In his view, it was the visitation of an unquiet spirit seeking the scenes with which it had been familiar on earth. But could I cast away all my preconceived ideas and admit such a possibility as this?

I do not think—I may say, without boasting, that I have proved it—that I was a greater coward than the majority.

Nevertheless, I do not think any sum of money would have tempted me to risk repetition of that night in the room at the top of the staircase. Old Forrester, on the contrary, on my expressing my determination to return to my own bedroom, at once announced his intention of returning to the chamber which was haunted by these unaccountable visits.

Nothing I could do short of positive interpositions could have restrained him, and indeed in the presence of his simple foolishness I was ashamed to give full expression to the unreasoning terrors which the hard logic of my own material philosophy was quite powerless to combat. That night therefore he slept in his old bedroom, and again went through the same experiences—with regard, that is, to all audible sensations, though they affected the emotional side of his nature as little—as I had done myself.

The day following, the house being now held safe from all infection or danger from the old system of non-drainage, little Susie, the one grandchild that old Forrester still had left him, came back to us. She was a winning-faced little thing, with features of delicate beauty, and the brightest of fair golden hair, which fell about her shoulders and made a pathetic contrast to the garb of mourning she wore in memory of poor little Mary, her elder sister and her playmate, who had been so suddenly taken out of her life.

"Eh, Laird," said old Forrester, as we stood watching the child playing in the garden, "eh, it's a hard matter, Laird, to understand it—the workings of Providence. What harm can you puir wee thing have done to living soul that she should grow up in the world with never a mother, and with worse than a father. Puir Wattie! And now to have lost little Mary, too! She'll no understand for a while yet how it is with her father, puir bairnie, but she kens fine that she's no to see Mary any more. It's hard to ken, Laird, how a child understands of these things at all, but I just said to myself, I said, if Susie's going to take on about Mary as Wattie did when his wife died, I just canna bear it. That's just what I said to myself, Laird, and it's truth, I could na. But Susie was good mind ye that. I'm thinking she kenned who it came from, and a child's memory's short (though Susie, I'm thinking, minds more than most,) and it's a merciful thing it is so."

I liked to hear him talk on, in his slow way, in the curious phraseology born of the grafting of a rudimentary culture on a severe border dialect.

"Where's Susie going to sleep?" I asked the old man, after a pause. (I ought to say that, since their old mother's death, old Forrester had constituted himself sole nurse to Mary and Susan, and had looked to their well being with a care that no wages could have bought).

"Eh, and where should she sleep, Laird, but just in the old room with myself, where she and Mary, puir wee bairn, have always slept?"

"What!" said I. "You'll have her sleep where that thing comes! No, no, you can't do that! You musn't let her sleep there, Forrester!"

"And what harm will it be doing her?" old Forrester asked, almost rebukingly. "She's gotten nothing on her conscience, puir bairn, that it should trouble her, or any spirit have power to do her hurt. Na, na; by your leave, Laird, Susie'll just sleep with her old grandfather, where she and Mary's always slept."

What was I to say? Could I, as head of my house, allow this child to pass the night in a chamber where such fearsome doings were wrought nightly? Yet how, on the other hand, was I, who was no kith or kin, to go against the will, thus

expressed, of the child's grandfather and natural guardian? I spent the rest of the day battling with myself between these two opinions, and ended, as one is prone to do, in letting the matter slide in letting old Forrester have his own way, and in eventually going to bed with some sore misgivings whether in so doing I had acted rightly.

I could not have been asleep an hour, when I awoke—rather, I should say, I suddenly found myself awake and sitting up in bed and listening, wondering what it was that had thus awakened me. Then, in a moment I heard it again—the sound which I then recognized as the cause of my waking; it was a sobbing, a wailing, as of a little child. As I listened, it sank away into silence; then broke out again—not in the room—somewhere on the staircase outside, as I conjectured.

My nerves were all in a tremble—with excitement, I think rather than with fear as I opened my bedroom door and looked out. The door opened directly upon the staircase, at the first floor landing. The night was clear, and thorough the skylight shed a sufficient light upon the staircase. As I looked upward and downward, in the still silence, I saw nothing. Then again, right above my head, broke out the agonized sobbing.

I hastened up stairs, and, as I gained the top landing, I saw the cause. There, before me, in her little white night-dress, was Susie—Susie, with her golden hair streaming back over her shoulders—Susie, clinging to the handle of the door of an old attic-room which I knew to be locked, wringing away at the handle, thrusting her tiny weight against the obdurate door, trying with all her might to force her way into the locked room!

"Susie!" I said.

At the sound of my voice she stopped her wailing and looked round at me with wide-opened startled eyes. Then, after a moment the sobs recommenced, and she turned and fought once more with the unyielding door—but this time in a half-hearted manner, so if her attention was partly distracted by my presence.

"Susie!" I said again; and again she desisted from her sobbing and her useless efforts, and allowed me to take her up, unresisting, in my arms. All at once she struggled, and turned to look toward the closed door again.

"Mary wants me!" she wailed out, and her sobs recommenced; gradually they quieted again, then again broke out; and finally, of very weariness, the little girl dropped asleep in my arms.

Very gently I carried her down stairs, along the passage, through the door at the foot of the detached stair (old Forrester did not even trouble himself to lock that door now) and up to her room, at the door of which I met Forrester, who had apparently just discovered his grand-

[For conclusion, see page 189.]

# THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER ----- EDITOR.

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, } ----- PUBLISHERS.  
MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, }

Address all communications, "CARRIER DOVE, 841 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

\$2.50 per year. Single copies, ten cents.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 17, 1888.

### LOOK WITHIN.

If man is the highest form of life upon the present plane of existence, then he must necessarily contain within himself the principles of all beneath him. In other words, the human being is the focal point of the principles and forces of the universe. This being true, an analysis of man's nature will reveal to us the true necessities thereof, and as are our true needs, so must be the nature of the means adopted to minister to them.

Religious instructors teach people to look to a book, to a certain personage, and a Deity. All these are outside of us. Yet the only safe rule is alleged to be that found within the book. The only perfect character is asserted to be in the personage, and the only help in all times is represented to be the deity. No bible, saviour or deity can aid us in effecting a real advance for ourselves. When we rely upon them they are but as crutches to the invalid or disabled. The healthy mind needs no medicine. All that remedies do is to render aid to nature.

The interior essence of our being is divine. Outward form and earthly circumstances distort, deflect, and vitiate our expressions, but beneath these is the element of the divine. Let us look within ourselves. If we live justly to ourselves then can we live justly to our fellows. If we are healthy in body, pure in thought, aspiring in soul, then do we outwardly make manifest our inward natures. All uplifting results from interior unfoldment. Truly, "as a man thinketh so is he;" while, also, it may be added, as a man is so has he understood and used the powers of his being. As we all grow within, so shall humanity at large expand. Within us are all the powers needed to enable us to make ourselves and this world truly godlike.

### MR. AND MRS. H. C. WILSON'S RECEPTION.

On Monday evening last, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilson held a reception at 32 Ellis street, which was attended by a large number of friends, among whom were some of our prominent mediums, who had assembled to say good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who were about to depart for their new home in Tulare county. The evening was spent in social converse, interspersed with music by Prof. Schrafl, Mrs. Rutter and Miss Morrell, the instruments being the piano, guitar and violin.

Mrs. Thompson, a trance medium of Philadelphia, was controlled by several different spirits during the evening, and gave some fine poetical improvisations and tests. Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Eggert Aitkin also gave messages and tests under control of their spirit guides. Mr. Mead and Judge Collins each made a few remarks eulogistic of the work done for Spiritualism in this city by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, to which they feelingly responded, and Mrs. Wilson's control addressed a few farewell words to the assembled friends. Much regret was expressed on all sides that this separation must take place, and all desired their early return. The company lingered until near midnight when they departed, feeling it had been one of those pleasant yet sad occasions which mark the pilgrimage of us all with white milestones, to which we look back with feelings of pain and pleasure.

### THE FREE LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.

We have now got nicely settled in our new office, and everything is in working order. The library and reading room are well patronized, and their influence must soon be felt in the community. Books are silent educators, and when freely circulated and read, they wield a powerful influence for good.

Some donations of books have been received, all of which will be duly noticed, and names of donors published in our monthly report. We shall also publish a list of the periodicals that are contributed, and notice each one editorially.

Letters have been sent to the publishers of many of the leading spiritual and liberal journals, soliciting copies of their publications to keep on file in the reading room, and we hope these appeals will meet with favorable responses, as we wish to supply our patrons with the best of everything.

Donations of books earnestly solicited. Bring your friends and come in and look over the papers, chat, or write your letters here in a warm, comfortable, well-lighted room. You will meet nice people, get acquainted, and, if you are strangers in the city, soon feel quite at home.

Mr. Slater's public seances continue to attract crowds of eager investigators who go away astonished and puzzled to explain the wonderful tests that are invariably given. His private work is great, and much good is being accomplished through his mediumship.

### SPIRITUAL MEETINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO. METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The annual meeting of the "Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society," whose meetings are held in Metropolitan Temple every Sunday, took place on Sunday morning last at the above meeting place, F. H. Woods, the President, in the chair.

The proceedings consisted of an opening address from the President, who congratulated the members upon the success of the past year's work, in the course of which he paid some very high compliments to their president, Mr. J. J. Morse; the report of business manager, M. B. Dodge, which showed a small deficit, but in all other respects was quite satisfactory; the report of Mrs. H. E. Robinson, who presented a detailed statement of receipts and disbursements connected with the Mission Street Kindergarten, which is under her direction on behalf of the G. G. R. P. S., as its vice-president. The report showed a small balance in hand towards the account for the new year, then a couple of amendments to the by-laws which it is now arranged that all members of the Society shall hereafter pay dues at the rate were adopted, by of one dollar per quarter, and that honorary and life members may be now added to the roll; after which the following were, on motion, duly elected as trustees for the ensuing year: F. H. Woods, M. B. Dodge, Mrs. H. E. Robinson, Adolph Weske, J. B. Chase, Abijah Baker, C. H. Wadsworth, Wm. Emmette Coleman, J. H. Moore, G. H. Hawes. The meeting closed after Mr. J. J. Morse had, in a comprehensive and appreciative speech, moved a vote of thanks to the trustees and officers for their services during the past year, during which he paid a well deserved tribute to the assiduity, faithfulness and zeal of Mr. Dodge, the business manager. The motion, upon being put to the members, was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted.

The newly-chosen Board of Trustees met immediately after the adjournment of the Society. Mr. Woods having positively declined a re-election, Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman was unanimously elected President. On taking the chair, Mr. Coleman remarked substantially as follows: "It is said that the office should seek the man and not the man the office. Such is decidedly the case in this instance. Most sincerely do I not desire the position to which I have been just chosen. I do not consider myself adapted therefor, and I only consent to take it at the earnest solicitation of those deeply interested in the success of this society. I can only promise to do my best; the best I can do is more."

A very large audience assembled at the evening service, a numerous contingent of strangers being noticeable. Mr. Morse made a few prefatory remarks concerning the election of the new President, the re-election of the Vice-President, and the election of the new Secretaries, paying these officers deserved compliments.

## Chips.

Beyond the dim and distant line  
Which bounds the vision of to-day,  
Great stars of truth shall rise and shine  
With steady and unclouded ray;  
And calm, brave souls, who through the night  
Have waited patiently and long,  
Will see these heralds of the light,  
And feel themselves in truth made strong.  
The pure, fresh impulse of to-day,  
Which thrills within the human heart,  
As time-worn errors pass away,  
Fresh life and vigor shall impart.  
For every crumbling altar stone  
That falls upon the way of time,  
Eternal wisdom hath o'erthrown,  
To build a temple more sublime.

—Lizzie Dolan

Do not fail to read the lecture which appears in this issue, by Dr. W. W. McKaig, entitled "Blighted Edens."

We have valuable articles awaiting publication from talented writers, and will give them to our readers as fast as our space will permit.

Rumors are in the air for several celebrations in this city of the fortieth anniversary on the 31st inst. Let each do something worthy the occasion.

The Children's Department, which has been crowded out for several weeks past, will be resumed next week with a story by Hudson Tuttle entitled "The Guardian Angel."

Woman, married or unmarried is, or should be, the arbiter of her own conscience, the administrator of her own property, and the possessor of her own person.

We notice that Bro. Brown, of the *Eastern Star*, has decided to issue his journal fortnightly for the present. It is a live and newsy sheet and deserves abundant patronage.

Quite a number of friends call upon Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse every Monday evening. All that desire to do so are welcome. Bro. Morse's address is 331 Turk street, and he is "at home" there every Monday evening from 7 until 10.

Dr. Chalmers beautifully said: "The little that I have seen in the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through,—the brief pulsation of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voice within; happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-men with Him from whose hand it came."

Spiritualism is the outworking of natural laws, which all must acknowledge sooner or later.—*J. E. Small.*

A much-abused editor wrote to a brother journalist calling him an ass, and thoughtlessly signed himself "Yours fraternally."

The deacon's son was telling the minister about the bees stinging his pa, and the minister inquired, "Stung your pa, did they? Well, what did your pa say?" "Step this way a moment," said the boy, "I'd rather whisper it to you."

The young men of the city of Mexico were so struck with admiration for Senorita Matilda Montaga, she being the first woman to devote herself to medical studies, that they got up a bull-fight in her honor, and devoted the receipts to the purchase of books and instruments for the outfit of the young lady.

Mr. J. J. Morse's last class in Spiritual Science is now meeting every Wednesday evening at 32 Ellis street at 8 o'clock. These classes are invaluable as a means of obtaining valuable information and instruction. Mr. Morse is entranced by his chief control, who delivers the lectures and replies to the questions. Each meeting opens at 8 o'clock.

Miss Ada Foye held another of her interesting seances before a large and appreciative audience, in Hamilton Hall last Tuesday evening, March 13th. The tests were excellent, and convincing to all who heard them. Mrs. Dr. Edwards furnished excellent vocal and instrumental music. Mrs. Foye will hold another seance in the upper hall at same place on Tuesday evening next, March 20th.

When people attend a Bible Christian meeting, get down, roll over, jump up and down, twist into all manner of shapes, gesticulating in a frantic manner, shouting, etc., they have met with a change of heart, and have "experienced religion." When a person turns his attention to the investigation of Spiritualism, and becomes calmly convinced of its truth, he is called by the Bible Christian "a crazy Spiritualist."—*J. E. Small.*

The London *Athenaeum* of Feb. 25, just received in this city, announces that Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman was elected a member of the "Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland" at the last meeting of the said society Feb. 20. Mr. Coleman has been for several years a member of the "American Oriental Society" and also of the "Pali Text Society," of London, England. Mr. Coleman has also become a member of the "Theosophical Publication Society" in London,—a society recently formed for the purpose of supplying those interested in theosophy with literature of the subject in a readily-accessible form. Membership is not confined to believers in theosophy, else Mr. Coleman would certainly have been excluded.

He also took occasion to give this journal some good words "for the support it has given the Temple meetings and my work, a fact that the Society and myself are alike duly sensible of."

The subject of the lecture, by the control, was "Modern Spiritualism; Its Message to the World." As it was reported for publication in these columns, there need be only said now that it was, as usual, able and eloquent, and delivered with unwonted fervency and power.

Miss Joy, whose voice grows sweeter every week, sang two very sweet selections, "The Day is Done," and "Storm and Sunshine," in a manner that simply charmed the large company before her. Sig. Arrilliaga, as usual, rendered most able assistance upon the grand organ and piano.

Services as usual on Sunday next at 11 A. M. and at 8 P. M. the control will lecture on "A Catholic's 'criticism' criticised," a review of the very reverend Dr. J. J. Prendergast's lecture upon "Spiritualism" on Tuesday last, Admission free.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The Progressive Spiritualists held another very interesting meeting at this place on Sunday afternoon, March 11th. Mr. H. C. Wilson, the President, was in the chair. The subject under discussion was Theosophy, and was introduced by Mrs. Sarah A. Harris. Prof. Bouton, Mrs. H. C. Wilson, E. G. Anderson, Dr. W. W. McKaig, Dr. C. C. Peet and Mrs. Egbert Aitkin followed with brief addresses, pro and con. Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Rutter furnished excellent music. A good audience was in attendance.

At the same hall, in the evening, Mrs. Ada Foye held another of her interesting public seances.

Bro. J. B. Wolf, of Washington, D. C., writes that the good folks of that city are moving upon the common enemies of progress, ignorance and superstition: "Our little society is working harmoniously. We have just started a Lyceum, which promises success. Bro. G. H. Brooks, of East Siginaw, Mich., has just closed a successful month. In consideration of his ability, zeal and the organization of the Lyceum he received a complimentary vote of thanks and invitation to call again. At the entertainment, on Tuesday night, he was also presented with a beautiful ring, mostly by the members of the Lyceum. Societies desiring to start Lyceums will find in him the material exactly adapted. This, above all, I want to say, he is filled with zeal for the cause."

J. J. Morse has sent us his new book fresh from the press of the CARRIER DOVE publishing house, called "Practical Occultism," with a preface by William Emmette Coleman. It is a course of lectures, and from a hasty perusal, we pronounce it deep, rational, scientific, philosophical, logical and spiritual. It is printed on fine linen paper, and nicely bound, 159 pages. It is the cap-sheaf of Mr. Morse's labors, and worth many times its cost to any. The *Star* will contain a column of its reading matter soon.—*The Eastern Star*, Glenburn,

## Original Poem.

Written for the Carrier Dove.

### Great Truths.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Great souls are filled with love,  
Great brows are calm;  
Serene within their might, they soar above  
The whirlwind and the storm.

In *words* the godly man is mute;  
In *deeds* he lives;  
Would'st know the tree? examine well the fruit;  
The flower? the scent it gives.

Great thoughts are still as stars;  
Great truths are high;  
They grasp the soul where 'neath its prison-bars  
It languidly doth lie.

They bring it forth on wings  
Sublime and grand,  
Where in the might of deeply hidden things  
It joyfully doth expand.

Like sentinels they stand,  
And softly keep  
Their silent watches where a ruthless band  
Of lurking errors creep.

Like pearls of starry light,  
They burn and glow;  
They pierce the shadowy veil, and o'er the night  
Their mystic shadows throw.

Great truths! more sweet and grand,  
More bright and high,  
Than all the dazzling splendors of the land,  
Or stars that gem the sky!

Like emeralds they shine,  
Inlaid with gold,  
And in the realms of harmony divine  
Their burning hues unfold.

From Nature's soul they spring  
To joy and light,  
And in a rhythmic flow of beauty ring  
Their peans of delight.

With myriad wrongs they wage  
An endless war;  
And shed their lustre o'er each passing age,  
Like some resplendent star.

They drop their golden seed  
\* Into the soil;  
Their blossoms crown the centuries that lead  
Above all blight and spoil.

Great truths! how can I tell,  
By song or speech,  
Of the resplendent boundaries that swell  
Beyond their mortal reach?

Great truths! they come from God!  
In heaven have birth!  
They spring to life from each prophetic word  
Whose glory thrills the earth!

### Spirit Picture.

The beautiful spirit picture which adorns this issue of the DOVE was drawn by the trance medium, Mrs. Allie Livingstone, while securely blindfolded, and in the presence of a large circle of investigators. It was given as a demonstration of spirit power, and not as a portrait for recognition.

### Ingersoll on Lincoln.

At the late annual dinner of the Brooklyn Republican League, Col. Ingersoll responded as follows to the first toast of the evening, "Abraham Lincoln":

"Only a few years ago our people were whippers of women, and there was no party with courage enough to speak in favor of the liberties of man. In those days there were only two respectable classes under the flag, and those were the abolitionists of the North and the slaves of the South. There were men who said that the great wrong of slavery would not exist forever, and that one day our flag would cease to pollute the air in which it way d—and among them was Abraham Lincoln. He was patriotic enough to defend the right, and no man is patriotic who defends the wrong. Born in poverty, he rose to such a supreme and splendid height that Fame never reached higher than when she rose to place the laurel on his brow. True to himself he was a strange mingling of mirth and tears, of tragic and grotesque, of Socrates and Rebelais, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all gentle and just, purest and most honest, merciful, wise, laughable and divine, and all these were consecrated to the rights of his fellow man. He was chivalrically loyal to truth, and over all was the shadow of his tragic end. He never finished his education. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by education. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford he would probably have been a quibbling attorney or a poor parson. Lincoln was complex in brain but single in heart, and as reliable as the law of gravitation. He was not solemn, for solemnity is the mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy. He was natural in his life and thought, master of the story teller's art, liberal in his speech, and sometimes shocking to Pharisees and prudes. He influenced others unconsciously, and they submitted unconsciously, as they submit to the laws of gravitation. He did merciful things as stealthily as others commit crimes. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle, and he knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. He spoke not to inflame but to convict; he raised his hands not to strike, but in benediction; he loved to pardon—to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of the wife lit by the smile of gratitude. He is the grand figure of the fiercest civil war that ever devastated a land, and the gentlest memory of the world."

Gov. St. John, of Kansas, at the national prohibition conference, said: "What an awful thing it is to be a woman! Make such a speech as that woman has to-night, and yet can't vote. Thank God, I am the husband of a wife, the father of a daughter who can vote. My life is pledged to this issue, and I am ready to give it that other men's wives and sisters also can vote; to fight it out on this line if it takes all generations."

### Wendell Phillips.

Great heart and strong, if it be true  
That from some higher world  
There comes to this a spirit purified,  
With stronger pinions there unfurled,  
Do thou return and, from the centre  
To the east and western sea,  
Arouse the million slumbering souls  
That lie in idle dreaming curled  
Like dormice on their beds of ease,  
Gnawing the bed they rest on.  
Did the hot pulses of the people band  
Against injustice, as did once thine own,  
Strike fierce, hard blows upon the shield  
That custom wears before her,  
Until corruption in high places  
Sinks ashamed before thy glance.  
Though but a shadow, thou could'st fill  
Their craven hearts with fear,  
That feared thy honest heart, whose  
Beatings forged Jove's thunder in thy brain,  
And hurtled from thy tongue  
As lightning leaps from clouds  
Surcharged with Heaven's electric fire.  
—Elizabeth L. Saxon, in *Woman's Tribune*.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, editor of *The Two Worlds*, has the correct idea concerning the broad field of work for Spiritual journals. In a recent editorial, she says:

"It is with some regret and a feeling not unlike that which we may conceive to be the suffering of the plant (were it a sentient being) when violently torn up from the earth where it is rooted, that we turn from the sweet consolations of spirit communion and a contemplation of the peace and joy which awaits us hereafter, to consider the means by which in the life *here* we may hope to attain to that same peace and joy. One of the most unswerving demands which every good and wise spirit makes upon the mortal friends with whom communion is held, and one of the most invariable assurances that such spirits all over the earth reiterate, is to the effect, that peace and joy hereafter *must* be earned by doing good here, and by no other means—creeds, dogmas, and sectarian beliefs notwithstanding. As no hard and fast lines of special action are possible to be laid down for all, but each one is required to do the good that lies next him, or opens up in his particular path, so it must be of necessity the duty of the spiritual editor to devote some part at least, of the sheets he or she can control, to COMPELLING the reader to consider the conditions of life under which his fellow-men are living, and to contribute thought, hope and aspiration, if he cannot give more, towards the promotion of every reform that may tend to ameliorate human suffering."

A hint is sometimes as good as a long speech. "Mr. Foote," said a gentleman to that celebrated wit, at a dinner party, "your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket." "Thank you," was the mild reply, "you undoubtedly know the company better than I do."

A French officer said to a Swiss colonel: "How is it that your countrymen always fight for money, while we French always fight for honor?" The Swiss shrugged his shoulders and replied, "I suppose it is because people are apt to fight for that which they need most."

## A Message from the Dead.

Concluded from Page 185.

child's absence, arrayed in flannel night-shirts and night cap—a sufficiently grotesque figure—just starting out to look for her.

We laid the little girl, still sleeping, in her bed; and after rating old Forrester in a stage whisper for not keeping better ward over his granddaughter, I went back to my own rooms, vowing, with conscious impotence, that on the morrow I would get a full explanation of the mysterious doings that were rendering my inheritance so troublous a one.

In the morning my first act was to send for Forrester. "What happened to Susie last night?" I asked, with burning curiosity. "What did she tell you?"

"Eh, pur bairnie, she's just forgotten everything about it," was his most disappointing answer. "When I asked her, she said she'd just had a fine night, and no dreams at all, she said. Might I make bold to ask ye, Laird, where was it that ye found her?"

I told Forrester, as accurately as I could, all the circumstances. He followed me with intensest interest, and, as I repeated the child's words, "Mary wants me," gave a start, and, during the rest of my short narrative, was evidently thinking very deeply.

"Laird," he said, when I had finished, "I have the key of yon attic-room." "Would ye be so kind as to come with me there while I unlock the door and see if maybe there's something there will give us an explanation? It was their playroom, ye'll ken—Mary's and Susie's—but it's been locked up since the quest was for the jewels; and I'm no saying for certain, mind, but maybe there'll be something in there that will give us a light to it all."

Though I had little hope of any useful result, I of course at once consented to accompany the old man in satisfying his curiosity.

We unlocked the door, and entered the room. It was dusty and musty. An old box, which was quite empty, and a broken chair, were its only furniture. Old Forrester looked about him for a few minutes; then he said, sadly: "Na, na; there is nothing. Ah, well, there's no harm done. It was just an old man's fancy, ye'll ken;" and, putting the key in his pocket without troubling to re-lock the door, he went mournfully from the room and down stairs.

All this mystery was very wearing. I spent my day, to all outward appearance, engaged in ordinary occupations; but every minute of it my thoughts were really busied with the vain effort of seeking some meaning out of all these problems. I felt that I was getting ill, and proposed to myself, failing some speedy satisfac-

tory explanation, to leave my new home, short time though I had occupied it, and try the tonic of rest and change.

When we went to bed that night we seemed not the least bit nearer a solution than we had ever been. I had again expostulated with old Forrester on allowing the little girl to sleep in that chamber which was so fraught with mysteries—and for me with terrors—but I had once again been overborne by the old man's entreating, with a persistence I could not catch the meaning of, "for one night more."

That night I did not go to sleep for more than an hour, wondering, though I vainly tried to distract my thoughts, what the night would bring forth; a night that should be quite unproductive of mysteries, I was almost ceasing to look forward to. I was at length beginning to please myself with the fancy that I was getting sleepy, when I heard, somewhere in the house, the sound of an opening door.

Rushing to the door of my bedroom, I hastily but noiselessly threw it open. Again the clear starlight shone through the glass cupola, and again I could see nothing, either up or down the stairs. But I heard a footfall down below me crossing the front hall. Then it fell, scarcely more muffled, on the poor thin carpet of the staircase; and as I looked, though I still saw nothing on the staircase, I perceived a little white figure come pattering, barefoot, across the hall.

It was Susie; but they were not Susie's footfalls that I had heard, and still heard, quietly coming up the stairs toward me. Similar footfalls they were to those I had heard in the room by the detached stair. They came closer up the stairs to me, and still the person who made the footfalls was invisible.

Then of a sudden I caught sight of old Forrester, in his strange night-gear, following Susie across the hall. I stood spellbound by the spectacle of this strange procession at midnight in my own house—the footfalls without any visible occasion, then white-robed Susie, then old Forrester! As I stood there, motionless, Forrester caught sight of me. He raised his hand to implore my silence; but he had no need; for the life of me I would not have uttered a word to interrupt the mysterious drama.

As the footfalls came level with my bedroom door, Susie's voice broke piteously forth; "The playroom's locked, Mary; we can't get into the playroom!"

Still the footfalls went on up stairs. Susie came opposite me. As if it was all the most natural thing in the world, she looked quietly up into my face, and "Mary wants me," she said, as if in apology for not staying to say more to me, and went on, perseveringly following the footfalls up the stairs.

"Come!" whispered Forrester to me,

as in his turn he came to where I was standing. We followed with beating hearts close after the child thus mysteriously guided. The footfalls led into the attic-room. The door did not open; but we heard the footfalls inside. Susie seized the handle of the door with an exclamation of delight as it yielded to her push, and went without hesitation across the room. Simultaneously with the ceasing of the footfalls at the opposite wall, she fell on her knees on the floor, detached a loosened piece of wainscoting, and, diving into the recess behind it, brought out an armful of childish toys. A white envelope fluttered to the ground as she rose. She looked around with a face of dismay. "Where's Mary gone?" she asked.

I stood for a moment at a loss for words of consolation in my bewilderment at the strange scene at which I was assisting. Suddenly Forrester gave an exclamation between a shout of joy and an hysterical laugh. He had taken a paper from the unsealed envelope which had fallen to the ground.

"Memorandum of Duplicate and Superfluous Specimens to be sold by Walter Forrester in Paris," it was headed, in my brother's hand. And then followed a long and tedious list of the jewels and curios, with the values at which each was estimated, affixed.

A mere scrap of paper! Yet a scrap that meant honor, liberty, all that makes life worth living, to a wronged man—to that son in whose honesty the old father had always believed with so noble a faith! And how had it come there? And how had it been discovered?

"Mary! Where's Mary?" little Susie repeated.

Yes—Mary. Little Susie gave us the answer. Was it not Mary who had been about my brother's bedside, where she contracted the deadly fever which had cut off her young life. Had it not been Mary to whom my brother had entrusted this carelessly drawn-up memorandum, with little foreknowledge of the vital importance of which it was one day to prove? Was it not Mary who, in her forgetfulness, possibly with the heaviness of her illness already stealing upon her, had laid away the precious missive in the secret snuggery where the children kept their little Lares and Penates? Mary who had come back from the dead to rectify the cruel consequences of her trivial sin of omission?

Such at least was old Forrester's explanation. From the very first moment that he heard of Susie's exclamation to me, "Mary wants me," he had had an inkling of it; and that visit of inspection to the attic-room was but a futile attempt to verify his idea.

"Where's Mary?" little Susie had asked; but Mary had not come back to play with the childish things of earth,

We had to take Susie back to bed and soothe her to sleep; but never again did little Mary's footfalls trouble the rest of my household, nor did she again visibly reveal herself to her sister's or any other's eyes.

With that strange and often enviable facility with which children forget all that has happened in their waking intervals of the night, Susie had next morning forgotten everything about the drama in which she had taken so important a part but a few hours before; and it was not until many years later that she learned the marvelous story of how she had been made the means of rescuing her father from the doom of a felon. — *Family Fiction.*

An editor, in retiring from the editorial control of a newspaper, said: "It is with feelings of sadness that we retire from the active control of this paper, but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is abler than we are, financially, to handle it. This gentleman is well-known in this community. He is the sheriff."

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